

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]

Outlaw Immortalz

Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick  
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swells  
They know you watchin'  
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch  
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings  
Blessed with the gift of speech  
The power to reach  
Each nigga on every street

May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired  
Since the day the seed was planted  
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick  
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit  
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs  
Outlaw Immortalz  
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue  
What lies between is the fiction  
Don't fuck around and make it true

[\*laughing\*]

My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe  
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me  
Plus my alias is Makaveli  
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly  
Bust him to see if he bleed  
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me  
They call my name out and niggas run  
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]

They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table  
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel  
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil  
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle  
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies  
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these  
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast  
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]

I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal  
Glistenin' holdin' pistols  
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials  
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential  
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you  
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro  
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes  
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

*[Napoleon:]*

My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be  
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'  
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'  
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'  
I think these niggas got the game fucked up  
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)  
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation  
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

*[2Pac:]*

Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride  
Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

*[Mussolini:]*

It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini  
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me  
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets  
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets  
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber  
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride  
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge  
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

*[E.D.I.:]*

They call me Idi, from the side of seedy  
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy  
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence  
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'  
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro  
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though  
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow  
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

*[Kadafi:]*

My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy  
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me  
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon  
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'  
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome  
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'  
It's like it's me against myself with all these  
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

*[Mo Khomeini:]*

Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer  
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers  
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks  
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef  
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes  
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes  
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]

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Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby

Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)

Makaveli, Hussein, Castro, Kadaffi, Mussolini

Amin, Napoleon, Khomein

What y'all really wanna do?

Haha, like them niggas said

"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"

Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga

Flashin on niggas

Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life

But we Outlaw Immortalz

We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever

Like I'll make you famous motherfucker

I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit

My niggas make the papers baby

My niggas make the front page

The gunshots can't stop me, they know [\*fades\*]

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